Isolation 2-26-73
P.M.

Dear New Family (?)

I have been designing assorted artistic "kites" and have become so famous for it that I occassionally get temporarily awarded a little color for them. How does the "kite system" work? You won't believe it when I tell you, but that's how I met Chip (Larry) You won't believe him either. I should get an answer back from him tommorrow on the one I sent him today. This has grown to be quite a constant ritual between us. Just take my word for it...... it's a long story that will definitely blow your mind. I don't know whether to KILL Sneaky Pea or thank her. But I'm sitting here with my face 8 different shades of Purple wondering. When she went to court Friday, she was requested by me to call a bondsman + get him to find out what's keeping me from getting out on bond + to please send me a note in the mail explaining it. Everybody knows the address of this place. I swear Harold, that's all I told her to tell him. The reply I got was instant and said that he "was busting his balls to get me out of here, had hired a lawyer to help him and would personally pay the sheriff for the water bill covering my entire duration here because the bill must be fantastic from all the cold showers he hears I've been taking". I'm not only embarrassed to death, but knowing Sneaky Pea...... Jesus! Harold, the guy probably isn't even white. I not only quit taking cold showers but I'm now scared shitless. Sneaky Pea is not here to interrogate either. I'm going to answer the guy by mail but still don't know what to say. I'm still in the state of shock + have the shakes, and not from the cold of the shower either. I also got a law suit + threat of arrest notice from an attorney representing an infuriated orthapedic surgeon forwarded to me here. (To the tune of "If I'm not in his office by 10 AM yesterday immediate action will be taken against me") I also got another urgent plea from Dick wanting my "sick" mail from my ex-family.

And...... I got your letter along with the copy of the one you

(OVER)

sent the sheriff. (A) I wanted you to tell him all of what I asked you to for Long thought out reasons which if I could've explained to you in person, you would've not only agreed with but also complied. (B) I'm definitely NOT sending you the biographical data in my handwriting, signed by me because it would make a prospective world war III look like a firecracker, right down on my head long before/if you even recieved it. As far as sketches are concerned, faces are still very fresh in my mind especially Langly's "GODZILLA" whom I last encountered just 17 months ago - DEFINITELY AGAINST my will and I had to stay pumped full of Lithium Carbonate for a solid 4 months just to calm down afterwards. I know that son of a bitch knows all about my present situation + is just waiting for me to write to that P.O. BOX. I just hope he isn't holding his breath, (if "IT" breathes because I don't believe that crazy mother-fucker could ever have been human) That alone is a L·O·N·G story Harold and it rattles me right away into an instant state of Homicidal Mania just to briefly recollect it. God! help us all. (Adonai-Marol Tov-too!) I'm still too mad at Scott to write him. So far I've come up with 847 different easy, instant painful ways I could + would like to kill him. I had a lot of practice as a frustrated kid busting out glass windows with my little fist which got stitched + punished several times The top half of the lawyer's booth is just glass + I'm damn good at Akido now + will send zinging a right gauntlet straight through it + his throat busting his windpipe + neck all within 3 seconds And last summer when I broke a concrete building block with one, I was just joking around with friends. I'm mad as hell, totally pissed off infuriated at that bastard and will pack all

③ of my concentration + weight behind it even though a simple 4 pound pressure is all that is required to more than accomplish the job. I know full well the consequences but still enjoyingly await the next visit of my "attorney" and in the meantime it is intensifying and fermenting with each passing second. Whether it be from in here or eventually out there, that son-of-a-bitch is definitely going to the cemetery. I would consider reading a letter of detailed explaination from him but whether or not I could ever believe it is quite another matter, no matter how open-mindedly I tried. If I start taking cold showers again it would be to try to cool down my temper, which is hopeless to even try. But I would never be able to convince anyone around here that that was the reason either as I've been getting laughed at and teased for a solid month about it and some kind of way EVERYBODY here in this building and no telling where all else knows about my bad humour + I am really getting ribbed about it constantly + can't even take a hot shower now. Here I am turning purple all over again + I haven't even started thinking about what to say or ask in my letter to him. Jesus I'll have to go start on it as the mail will be picked up soon.

Sure is
Getting hard to stay
a Mensch around
here

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